



DEDICATED TO THE AMERICAN FAIR.

1ST OCTAVO VOL.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1814.

NO. 17

CURIOS ACCOUNT OF THE BULL
FIGHTS IN SPAIN.

(Concluded from our last.)

THE first act of the tragedy belongs to the combatants on horseback; this is the most animated but the most bloody and disgusting part of the whole. The irritated animal braves the steel which makes deep wounds in his neck, falls furiously upon the innocent horse who carries his enemy, gores his sides, and overturns him with his rider.

In this case, the latter upon the ground and disarmed, is in imminent danger, until the combatants on foot, called *Chulos*, come to his assistance, and provoke the animal by shaking before him stuffs of different colours.

But it is not without danger to themselves that they save the dismounted horseman. The bull sometimes pursues them, and they then have need of their utmost agility. They frequently escape by letting fall the stuff which is their only weapon, and upon which the fury of the deceived animal is exhausted. But it sometimes happens that he is not thus to be imposed upon, and the champion has no other resource than leaping over the barrier six feet high, which forms the interior of the circle. In some places there are two barriers,

and the intermediate space forms a kind of circular gallery, behind which the pursued torreador is in safety. But when the barrier is single, the bull makes efforts to leap it, which he sometimes accomplishes. The alarm of the nearest spectators may easily be imagined; their precipitation in retiring, and crowding upon the upper benches, becomes more fatal to them than the fury of the animal, which stumbling at each step upon the narrow and uneven space, rather thinks of saving himself than satisfying his vengeance; and besides, soon falls under the blows that are hastily and repeatedly given him.

Except in these cases, which are rare, he returns to the charge. His dismounted adversary having had time to recover himself, immediately mounts his horse again, provided the latter be not too much wounded, and the attack is renewed: but the cavalier is frequently obliged to change his horse. I have seen seven or eight horses gored, or their bowels torn out, by the same bull, fall dead upon the field of battle. No words can then sufficiently celebrate these acts of prowess, which for several days become the favourite subjects of conversation. The horses, astonishing examples of patience, courage, and docility, present, before they die, a sight at which I shall willingly permit my gay countrymen to shudder. They tread

under their feet their bloody entrails which fall from their lacerated sides, and for some time obey the hand which leads them on to new torments. Disgust then seizes such of the spectators as possess any sensibility, and embitters their pleasure.

But a new act soon reconciles them to the diversion. When it is judged that the bull has been sufficiently tormented by the combatants on horseback these withdraw, and leave him to the champions on foot, called **BANDERILLEROS**; who meet the animal, and the moment he attacks them, stick into his neck, two by two, a kind of arrow, called a **BANDERILLA**, terminated like a fish-hook, and ornamented with little streamers of stained paper. The fury of the bull is redoubled; he roars, and his vain efforts render more acute the dart which has been lodged in him. This last torment gives a fine opportunity for a display of the agility of his new adversaries. The spectators at first tremble for their safety when they see them brave the terrible horns of the animal; but their skilful hands give the blow so surely, and they escape so nimbly from the danger, that after a few times they are neither pitied nor admired; and their address appears nothing more than a trifling episode in the tragedy of which the catastrophe is as follows.

When the vigour of the bull appears almost exhausted, and his blood, flowing from twenty wounds, and pouring from his neck, moistens his robust sides the fury of the people, thus satiated upon him, calls for another victim; the president then gives the signal for his death, which is announced by the sound of drums and trumpets. The *matador* advances and is seen alone in the circle; in one hand he holds a long knife, in the other a kind of flag which he waves before his adversary. Thus together they stop and observe each other. The impetuosity of the bull is several times avoided by the agility of the matador, and the pleasure of the spectators is rendered more lively by their suspense. Sometimes the animal remains immovable; he scrapes the ground with his feet and seems to meditate vengeance.

Those who are familiar with the beauties of Racine, may then perhaps recollect the two following lines of that admirable author.

" Il le voit, il l'attend, et son ame irritee,
Pour quelque grand dessein semble s'etre
arrete.

The bull in this situation, and the Matador who discovers his intention and carefully observes his slightest motion, form a picture which an able pencil might not disdain to delineate. The silence of the assembly respects this dumb scene. At length the Matador gives the fatal blow; and if the animal immediately falls, the triumph of the conqueror is celebrated by a thousand exclamations; but if the blow be not decisive, if the bull survives and again strives to brave the fatal knife, the murmurs are not less numerous. The Matador, whose address was about to be extolled to the skies, is considered only as a clumsy butcher. He instantly endeavours to recover from his disgrace, and disarm the severity of his judges. His zeal sometimes becomes a blind fury, and his partisans tremble for the consequences of his imprudence. At last he gives a better directed blow. The animal vomits streams of blood, and struggling with death, staggers and falls, while his conqueror becomes intoxicated with the applauses of the people. The bull is then tied by the horns which have betrayed his valor: and, although so lately furious and haughty, is ignominiously dragged from the circle he has just honoured, leaving nothing behind but the traces of his blood, and the remembrance of his exploits, which is soon effaced by the appearance of his successor. On each of the days dedicated to these feasts are sacrificed (at least at Madrid) six bulls in the morning and twelve in the afternoon. The names of the combatants of each are previously announced in the public prints. The three last of the animals are exclusively left to the Matador, who, without the assistance of the Picadores, employs all his dexterity to vary the pleasures of the spectators. He sometimes suffers an intrepid stranger, mounted upon another bull, to combat them; at others he turns a bear

against them. The last bull is particularly devoted to the entertainment of the populace. The points of his horns are covered with a round case, which diminishes the effect of their strokes.

In this state the bull, which is then called *Embolado*, loses the power of piercing and lacerating his adversary. The spectators descend in crowds to torment him, each according to his own manner, and often expatiate their cruel pleasure by violent contusions. But the creature always falls at last under the blows of the Matador. The few spectators who partake not of the general fury, regret that these wretched animals purchase not their lives, at least, at the expence of so many tortures and efforts of courage. They would willingly aid them to escape from their persecutors. In the humane few, disgust succeeds to compassion, and weariness to disgust: the uniform succession of similar scenes throws a languor upon the amusement which the spectacle promised at the beginning.

But to the connoisseurs who have studied the artifices of the bull, the resources of his address and fury, the different methods of alluring, deceiving, and tormenting him (for in some provinces this is a study from youth to manhood) no scene resembles another, and they pity frivolous observers who know not how to distinguish their variety.

In this pursuit, as in others, the spirit of party confers reputation; and disputes or exaggerates success. When I arrived at Madrid, the connoisseurs were divided between two famous Matadores, Costillares and Romero, as people might be in other countries with respect to the merits of two celebrated actors. Each sect was as enthusiastic in its eulogiums and positive in decision as the *Gluckists* *Piccinists* perhaps were in France. It is difficult to believe that the art of killing a bull, which seems to be the exclusive privilege of a butcher, should be gravely discussed and extolled with transport, not only by the people, but by the most sensible men and women.

We can scarcely conceive how the chariot races in the Olympic games could furnish Pinder for his sublime odes,

which charmed all Greece, and conferred immortality on the conquerors.—The bull-fights seem to be a subject still more sterile, and yet inspire enthusiasm. Every thing which pleases us in childhood, or that awakens in our minds violent emotions which are not abated by habit, may excite and excuse that exalted sentiment. Nothing ought to be inferred against the morals of a nation from objects, whatever they may be, by which enthusiasm is inspired. The combats of gladiators, and the horrid contests of criminals with ferocious beasts excited it in the Romans. Horse-races produce in the English a kind of delirium. Shall we, on this account, refuse the title of a polished people to the former, or that of a philosophical nation to the latter? In like manner the Spaniards, notwithstanding their immoderate love of bull-fights, and the barbarous pleasure they take in seeing the blood of those innocent and courageous animals shed, are not therefore less susceptible of every amiable and delicate emotion. After leaving these bloody diversions, they enjoy not less the pleasures of domestic peace, the confidence of friendship, and the delights of love; their hearts are not less susceptible of pity, nor is their courage more ferocious. I am of opinion that in the ages when single combats and assassinations were more frequent, they were not more attached than at present to their favourite diversion.

They are become much more pacific. Their manners are softened without their passion for bull-fights being diminished; it still exists in all its fervour. The day on which they are celebrated is a day of rejoicing for the whole district, as well as for the inhabitants for ten or twelve leagues round the place. The artist who can scarcely provide for his subsistence, has always a surplus to expend on this spectacle. The very chastity of the poor girl, whose poverty should exclude her from it, would be in danger; her first seducer would be the first man who should pay for her admission.

The Spanish government is well aware of the moral and political inconvenience of this kind of phrenzy; it has

long been convinced, that for a people, among whom it would wish to encourage industry, it is a cause of disorders and dissipation; that it is prejudicial to agriculture by sacrificing in such numbers, the robust animals which might be employed in cultivation, by destroying the source of cattle which would fertilize the country and feed the inhabitants, and by the turning the pastures from their most valuable destination. But it is forced to have respect for amusements, which, perhaps, could not be openly attacked without danger; it, however, avoids encouraging them. Formerly the court counted the bull-fights in the number of entertainments it gave at certain times. The Plaza-mayor, on such occasions, was the theatre of these exhibitions. The king and his family honoured the spectacle with their presence. His military household presided to keep order. His halberdiers formed the inner circle of the theatre, and their long weapons were the only barrier they opposed to the dangerous caprices of the bull. These feasts, which by distinction were called *Fiestas-reales*, are become more rare. There has been but one under the present reign. The reigning monarch, who endeavours to polish the manners of his nation, and to turn its attention towards more useful objects, wishes to destroy in it an inclination in which he perceives nothing but inconvenience; but he is too wise to employ violent means.

He has, however, confined the number of bull-fights to those of which the produce serves to the support of some charitable institution, reserving to himself the power of hereafter substituting other funds. The combats, by this means rendered less frequent, will perhaps, lose by degrees a part of their attraction, until more favourable circumstances shall permit them to be entirely abolished.

WOMAN.

When virtue and modesty enlighten her charms, the lustre of a beautiful woman is brighter than the stars of Heaven, and the influence of her power it is in vain to resist.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO EMMA.

HOW willingly would I have participated with Emma in the pleasures she experienced, when contemplating the beauties of creation, at one time pellucid by the god of day, and at another beautifully contrasted by smiling moonlight; but alas! concealed as you are by an impenetrable veil from my vision, I am unable to express (in so glowing a manner as I desire) my admiration of the scene that you have so fancifully described, but must be contented (till propitious fortune smiles on me) to enthrall my sentiments to the limits which this paper prescribes.

Had I beheld you meditating on the grandeur of the firmament with my letter in your hand, my romanticity (if indeed I possess any) would perhaps have converted you into a sylvan nymph or a muse fallen from the spheres; pardon what I have just uttered, Emma, as a flight of imagination, and if you think flattery appertains to what I have said, obliterate it with a stroke of your pencil; Yes—reason herself could exalt you superior to many of your sex, who regard the charms of nature with indifference, and who do not feel the glow of gratitude for the innumerable blessings which a munificent Providence has profusely lavished on them, consequently they can never experience pure friendship much less the ardent influence of love.

It has been asserted that admiration of the wonders of nature is romantic enthusiasm, but let me pause, and ask, from what premises this inference is deducible. If the external magnificence of the universe is in reality unsusceptible of exciting sublime emotions, or if by habitually observing, it could mar its splendor; then how culpable have been your ebullitions of gratitude, but if on the contrary, how deserving of praise: that unlimited beneficence manifested in creation (both celestial and terrestrial) should disenthrall our effusions of gratitude; every object of mechanism effected by human exertions receives the applause it justly merits, while the stupendous pro-

ductions of a God be disregarded and almost forgotten ; it is true that all in some measure regard with wonder the surprising brilliancy of the sun, or the firmament studded with her golden stars, yet the inferior glories of creation give scope to your fertile imagination, and you tremblingly adore that being who sustains worlds to us unperceivably suspended in impenetrable ether : but what must be their incongruity when they consider your sensations as the apex of fanaticism, the glories of the universe being infinite in themselves fail to inspire them with that veneration which they so justly claim.

How enviable is the situation in which I conceive you to be placed when the fascinations of the city satiate, when calm reflection is expelled by the hilarity of the company you frequent, when the rattling of the wheels, the shrill sound of the clarion, the clangour of the drum, and the hammer of Vulcan forging the armour of Mars, renders the town disagreeable. Then you can retire to rural scenes and enjoy uninterrupted repose, " where lonely melancholy loves to dwell."

Your extenuation of my error evinces a benignant disposition, which no encomiums from my pen can emulate, with the panegyric it so highly merits. The immortal Shakespear thus beautifully describes the spirit of forgiveness :

" The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heav'n
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed ;
It blesseth her that gives, and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the nightiest ;
And is an attribute of God himself."

Stern winter accompanied by the northern blast will shortly divest the trees of their foliage : the hoary frost, the blanched snow, will whiten those hills which you beheld at a distance irradiated by Aurora's setting beams.—The rivulet which so sweetly murmured by your side will soon be silenced in icy fetters—when the country shall have lost all its charms, and surly winter resumes her reign, then will you contemplate taking refuge in the city from her howling storm, and then I anticipate our correspondence will be uninterrupted. I could be more lo-

quacious if the editor did not restrain me. Adieu, Emma, a speedy reply will be agreeable, to your's sincerely,
CŒLEBS.

SUPERSTITIONS, FANATICISM, &c.

The most painful acts of penance, which the Indians undergo, are in order to regain their cast, when they have lost it, by eating things forbidden, or having such connexion with people of a different description, as is supposed to defile them. One of them will vow to hold his arm elevated over his head for a certain number of years, without once letting it down ; and this he will actually continue to do, till the arm can never afterwards be recovered to its natural position. Another will keep his hands shut till his nails grow into his flesh, and quite appear through at the back of his hand. Some will vow never to lie down, whilst, at the same time they wear round their necks a large iron instrument, not unlike a gridiron without a handle : but the most extraordinary of these ceremonies which the author witnessed was "*swinging for their cast* ;" the devotee is actually swung in the air on a large machine, with two large hooks stuck into the flesh of his back, just under his shoulders. During this painful ceremony he repeats a certain number of prayers, and throws flowers amongst the crowd, who consider them as sacred relicts which will keep away diseases, &c. A sheep is sacrificed previous to the ceremony, and its blood sprinkled amongst the crowd, who (and particularly barren women) eagerly catch the drops, amidst shrieks and delirious gestures.—*Percival's Account of Ceylon.*

The Romans looked upon salt as a sacred thing, and placed little images upon the table near it; and esteemed it a bad omen if the salt was either forgot or spilt.—*D'Arnay on the private Manners of the Romans.*

Cicero paid religious and profound attention to the manner in which the chickens picked up the grains which were thrown to them in the College of Augurs.—*Roman Histories.*

THE TYTHE.

A witty divine received an invitation to dinner, wrote on the *ten of hearts*, by a young lady of great beauty, merit and fortune. This the gentleman thought a good opportunity to give the lady a distant hint of his hopes; he wrote therefore the following lines on the same card, and returned it by her own servant:

Your compliments lady, I pray now forbear,
For old English service is much more sincere;
You've sent me *ten hearts*, but the tythe's only
mine,
So give me *one heart*, and take back t'other
nine.

A SUDDEN KNAP.

Two Oxford scholars slept in the same room at College. "Jack," says one, early in the morning, "are you asleep?" "Why?" replied the other. "Because if you are not I will borrow half-a-crown of you." "Is that all? Then I am."

A FRAGMENT.

SHE meets a son of age in the woods; bending he weeps over a grey stone. "Here," said he, "sleeps the spouse of my love; here I reared over her the green turf. Many were our days on the heath. We have turned away our foot from trees lest we should crush them in youth; and we have seen them again decay with years. We have seen streams changing their course; and nettles growing where feasted kings. All this while our joy remained: our days were glad; the winter with all its snow was warm, and the night with all its clouds was bright.

The face of Minalla was a light, that never knew a wane, an undecaying beam around my steps: but now she shines in other lands; when my love shall I be with thee?"

TRUTH.

There are but two periods of life in which truth is visible to us to any purpose: in youth for our instruction—in old age for our consolation. During the reign of the passions, truth abandons us.

HAPPINESS.

When we look around us and see the variety of pursuits that engage the attention of mankind we are led to ask the question, in what does true happiness consist? The answer readily presents itself to every reflecting mind; it consists in a mind void of guilt or free from any intentional errors, and a disposition disposed to enjoy the good things of life, and to bear with fortitude the evils inseparable from it. Show me the man that possesses this disposition and you show me a happy man whether he be possessed of thousands, or earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow.

The Almighty disposer of events has so mixed the ingredients in the cup of life that no one is exempted by his riches from the evils of it, and no one is prevented by his poverty, from partaking of some of its pleasures.

The question then for every man to ask himself, shall I be happy? If his conduct has been such as he can reconcile to his own conscience, the answer will be in the affirmative; if the answer should be in the negative, he still has it in his power by a line of conduct the reverse of what he has practised to atone, in a degree for past errors, and is entitled as long as his conduct merits it, at least to the civility of his fellow citizens.

WAR.

Soame Jenyns, esq. has shrewdly remarked, If *Christian nations* were *nations of Christians*, all wars would be impossible and unknown among them!

IMAGINATION.

VOLTAIRE says well, "He that retains the greatest number of images in the magazine of memory, has the best imagination." And, on another occasion, he observes, "The faculty of imagination depends entirely on the memory. We see men, horses, gardens, and other sensible objects; these perceptions enter our minds by the senses; the memory retains them; the imagination combines them; and this is the reason why the Greeks call the Muses the daughters of Memory."

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

The LAMENTATION of a LADY, impatiently waiting the return of her lover.

(Concluded from our last.)

At length the bright moon in her beauty appears ;
Could but her kind succour dispel all my fears,
The waters with brilliancy shine in the dale ;
The rocks they grow grey by the side of the vale ;

But my Shalgar I see not : I see not on high
The flash of his spear and his sparkling eye :
His hounds going before him his presence don't tell :

On the hill of the tempests abandoned I dwell.

But whom do I see in the valley extended ;
Should they be my lover and brother offended
Speak to me my friends ! Raise your voice on high !

But nothing will answer ; I hear no reply :
Fear freezes my heart, ah ! alas they are dead !
Their swords by their sides all are tinged in red ;

Oh my Shalgar ! my Shalgar ! why hast thou thus slain
The stay of my sire ; the relief of his pain ?
O my brother ! my brother why didst thou thus stay,

The prop of my heart ; the support of my lay ?
Ah how dear were you both to this bosom of woe !

These tears as they trickle my misery show.

In praise of your memory what bard shall I call ?

Of all thy companions more beauteous than all ;
He too, in the midst of contention and arms,
More feared than the lion, disdaining alarms.
Hear my voice ! speak aloud sweet friends of my care !

But alas ! all is still, dark silence reigns there;
They are gone to the grave, cold inhabits their breast.

O ye shades of the dead, deign to grant my request !

From the top of this rock, from this mountain on high,

My heart shall not fear if ye will but reply !
Where, where are ye gone ; in what cavern repose ?

What caves of the mountain your spirits enclose ?

But the winds will not answer, they speak no reply :

While in sorrow I weep and keen anguish I sigh.

With the storms of the hill no kind breezes are sped

To waft the soft sounds of the voice of the dead.

In the midst of my sorrow I'll set me down here,
And weep till the morrow begins her career.

O ye friends of the dead, ye who honor the brave,
Who weep o'er lost valour, erect them a grave !
But let not the tomb you prepare them be closed,
Till my body with them be kindly reposed :
My life I feel leaves me ; it flies like a dream,
Why should I survive the dear friends I esteem ?
With them I had better seek rest and repose,
By the side of this river, here ending my woes.
When the night shall in darkness descend on the hill ;
When the wind in the thicket is silent & still :
Then my spirit shall ride in the gloom of the cloud,
And bewail the sad death of my warriors aloud ;
The huntsman shall hear from the depth of his cot ;
In terror shall fear when I grieve their sad lot ;
Tho' he tremble and quake at the sound of my voice,
Its sweetness will charm him, he'll fear and rejoice :
For my plaint shall be sweet for this friend,
for this foe,
Since both were so dear to my bosom of woe.

Verified from the Spanish by SILENROG.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.
EVENING.

I love thee, melancholy hour !
Evening verging on to night,
When a single star appears
Faintly twinkling to the sight.
When the insects various notes
Strike upon the listening ear,
When the lips display a smile,
When the eye lets fall a tear ;
'Tis when the hollow breezes sigh,
And the mock-bird chaunts her lay,
When the sky is faintly ting'd
By a lingering solar ray ;
When the distant prospect fades
Slowly on the pensive sight,
And when evening's darkest shades
Have yielded to the dusky night ;
Now from behind the mountain tops
Cynthia's placid face appears,
And shines upon the gloom of night
Like smiles which follow tears.
The white sails flutter with the breeze,
Spread for a distant shore,
While fastly fall the glitt'ring drops
Rais'd by a sweeping oar.
But hark ! a distant watch-tow'r bell
Speak the near approaching dawn,
And the dews that thickly fall
Clothe in grey the verdant lawn.
But soon these dusky clouds shall fly,
For day is creeping on the east ;
Now let a sleeping world awake
Behold—be humble—and be blest.

ADELA'DE.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1814.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

Since our last gen. Brown's official account of the battle near the Falls of Niagara, the 25th of last month, has been published. He states his loss in this battle to be 171 killed—572 wounded, and missing 117; making in the whole 860.

The northern mail of last Saturday evening announced another victory by our troops in defending Fort Erie against the most determined attacks of the enemy to carry the works by storm; in which they were defeated with great loss, principally it is said by blowing up a part of the work which they had got possession of. The following account of this affair, from general Gaines, the commandant of Fort Erie, to the Secretary of War, is dated the 15th inst. at the close of the battle.

" DEAR SIR,

My heart is gladdened with gratitude to Heaven, and joy to my country, to have it in my power to inform you, that the gallant army under my command has this morning beaten the enemy commanded by Lt. Gen. Drummond, after a severe conflict of three hours, commencing at two o'clock, A. M. They attacked us on each flank—got possession of the salient bastion of the old Fort Erie, which was regained at the point of the bayonet, with a dreadful slaughter. The enemy's loss in killed and prisoners is about 600; near 300 killed.—Our loss is considerable, but I think not one tenth as great as that of the enemy. I will not detain the Express to give you the particulars. I am preparing my force to follow up the blow."

A very considerable augmentation of force from Bermuda have lately joined the enemy in the Chesapeake—have gone up the Patuxent—landed a considerable body of troops at Benedict—marched to Nottingham & Marlborough on a branch of the same stream; and it is said has caused the destruction of the flotilla, which commodore Barney effected by blowing up to prevent their capture. With respect to their actual force, other movements or views, we have nothing as yet but various and contradictory reports; and can only say that the exposed situation of the city of Washington it is said has drawn 16 or 18,000 volunteers and other troops from the neighbouring counties and states for its defence. A few days more, and no doubt we shall have very important news not only from this quarter, but likely from Champlain, where it is said that our army, 9600 strong besides all the

militia in that part of the state, where on the 19th inst. within a few miles of the enemy.

The U. S. ship Adams has arrived at Pobscot, from a cruise in the English channel, in which she took 6 prizes.

The great business of defence for the safety of this city goes on with the most unexampled activity; and a very considerable number of volunteers and drafted militia have arrived here from the country since our last.

To Correspondents.

" CAPUT" is received, and should have a place, did we not think the subject too dry to interest the generality of our readers. The writer has our thanks.

" THE WRITER'S" Lines we consider too delicate and local for publication; nor is it likely the heart that could abandon her children and husband without cause, would be much affected by this means. The copy is taken care of.

" SURENROE" will be attended to next week.

Nuptials.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Dr. Mason, Mr. Thomas Suffern, to Miss Janet Wilson, daughter of Mr. William Wilson, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Williston, Mr. William Plunket, to Miss Ann Wardell, both of this city.

Obituary.

DIED.

Of an asthmatic complaint, Mr. William Twaits, comedian, in the 57th year of his age.

Mrs. Eleanor Webster, wife of Mr. William Webster.

Mr. James McCready, son of Mr. Andrew McCready.

In the 51st year of her age, Mrs. Margaret Hoffman, wife of Cornelius Hoffman.

Mr. John H. Brower, son of Mr. Abraham Brower.

At Stratford, Abbe M. Woodbridge, aged 34, wife of Mr. Samuel Woodbridge, of this city.

At Providence (R. I.) Mr. John Carter, for more than 45 years editor of the Providence Gazette, aged 69.

THE MUSEUM.

Is published every Saturday, at two dollars per annum, or fifty-two numbers, by JAMES ORAM, No 102 Water-street, a little below the Coffee House, New-York. City subscribers to pay one half, and country subscribers the whole, in advance.